

U.S. General Post No 34 East Norfolk Virginia

THE RECLAIMER



APRIL 10.

TO THE COLORS

Merchants:

The Reclaimer?

Private ROWLAND B. LEHMAN
Business Manager

DEDHAM STREET GARAGE

Nearest Garage to Hospital
Repairing and Supplies
Rental Service Day or Night

TELEPHONE WRENTHAM 100

**Franklin
National Bank**

Franklin
Mass.

Native Poultry Dressing Plant
49 North Centre St., Boston

Sausage Factory and Smoke Houses
Blackstone and North Sts.

Curing Plants
Boston and Chicago

BATCHELDER & SNYDER CO.
Packers & Poultry Dressers

WHOLESALE ONLY



Offices and Stores



*Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Hams,
Bacon, Sausages, Poultry, Game,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Olive Oils.*



BLACKSTONE, NORTH AND NO. CENTRE STREETS
BOSTON, MASS.

THE RECLAIMER

Vol. I.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

No. 15.

SOLDIER FAKES

Some misguided lunatic or outright rascal is circulating an ugly story about us. They are accusing us of being a basket case. That's an out and out, say-it-to-your-face lie. We aren't no basket case, and none of us ever have been. Besides which, we are not hankering to be one. But if the bug that is passing that story around should happen by good luck to run up against us personally, there would be a basket case right then and there. And it wouldn't be us.

Oh, don't you even know what it is? It's a soldier boy who has lost one leg and one arm and—count 'em—one arm and one leg. There is nothing left but the case and the bean. So they tote him around in a basket. Well, there ain't no such animal. Listen to the General himself:

"I have personally examined the records," says the Surgeon General of the Army, Major General Merritte W. Ireland, "and am able to say that there is not a single basket case either in the forces on this side of the water or among the soldiers of the A. E. F. Further, I wish to emphasize that during the whole war there has not been among the American soldiers one instance of a man so wounded."

That ought to settle it. There are no basket cases. There never was any. But that won't prevent that idiot from taking you aside and whispering the horrible story of the awful mutilations among the American soldiers. May be it is a disease that makes some folks carry on that way; may be it is just nastymindedness; may be it is something else, which we won't talk about, but it makes us madder'n you know what. Just let 'em tell it to us; that's all. May be we have only one mit, but the other is good for a swing to the jaw. May be we have only one leg, but there is a good kick in the other one. Somebody has got to step on the bug that is forever sneaking off into corners and slavering rotten stories about soldiers in a hospital. Sick 'im, Nero! Bite 'is leg! Harder! Attaboy!

WHAT HOME MEANS TO THEM

To the Small Boy—The service of supply.
To the Young Lady—The theatre of operations.
To the Young Man—Headquarters expeditionary forces.
To Grandma—A rest sector.
To the Black Sheep—An awkward salient.
To the Maiden Aunt—No man's land.
To Mother—The base hospital, salvage depot and camp commissary.
To Father—Headquarters disbursing office and adjuster of claims.



DETACHMENT OFFICE.

MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE

By Lt. Overholser

(Continued from last week.)

The crowd was naturally very curious, and everyone had many questions to ask. Almost the first question was as to our nationality. Were we Germans? No, we were Americans. Then their eyes began to bulge for an American was indeed an "rara avis" to a native of Homecourt. A few had seen American Soldiers, for a small detachment of the first division had camped in a nearby village within the last forty-eight hours. Within that time, too, the last detachment of German soldiers, including the commandant, had departed. For we learned, this town had been constantly under the German rule ever since the early days of the war when the Teutonic forces overwhelmed the rich iron and coal regions in this part of France. (Meurthe-et-Moselle). Our thoughts may be imagined. Suppose we had arrived ten days earlier. By now we should probably be having a taste of German prison fare. Yet, on the other hand this was a rather dramatic situation, for we were virtually the forerunners of the American Army, representatives of what the inhabitants themselves considered to be their saviors. That we would be welcome—we had no doubt and our minds were quite at ease.

I agreed to stay and keep the ever-growing crowd of men, women and youngsters from becoming too intimately curious about the machine, while my companion went down into the village to search for means of communication with his squadron. The questions I was asked were just what one

would expect from a similar American crowd—how far had we travelled? How fast and how high did we go? Was the machine injured? and so forth. The American cigarettes I had with me struck a responsive chord; one man showed me the near tobacco they had had to put up with for four years, exclaiming "Ersatz, pas bon!" ("substitute, no good") Judging from the looks and smell of the stuff, I am quite willing to believe him.

Finally the town gendarmie, sent by the Mayor, arrived to stand guard by the machine and with them a message to the pilot to meet him in the village. He had seen the Mayor and found the town absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of France. The American troops nearby had no telephone connecting them with their headquarters and no trains were running regularly, so apparently, the only thing to do was to spend the night as comfortably as possible and, in the morning, see how the land lay.

We were taken in tow, by the town interpreter, an amiable gentleman, who spoke French and German well and English rather brokenly. We had made arrangements at the nearby hotel for our supper and lodging, so we followed gladly. The hotel, to which we were conducted, was a fairly modern, four-story, brick building equipped with running water and electric lights but the Germans had disconnected the power plant on leaving, so that we were forced to use candles. It had been used as quarters for the German officers, but was really in fairly good shape notwithstanding. Evidently, before the war, it had been a pretentious place; the barroom boasted many large mirrors and almost the only billiard table in the village.

(Continued on Page 7, Col 1)

THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA

By Corp. Sidney D. Royden

We started from the United States in the usual way and the story of the start is very similar to that which millions of other boys made en route to France. We arrived in England and remained there for a few weeks. Every man in the outfit fully expected that he, too, was slated for work with the Huns until several days after we had left the shores of England and realized that we could have crossed the channel several times in the time we had been at sea. Suddenly then it dawned on us—we were slated for the cold bleak shores of Russia and a hard fight with the merciless Bolshevik. The days grew longer and longer. One night our convictions were confirmed by the sight of the sun still in view at the hour of two in the morning. It will not be misunderstood when I say, then that we had a thrill that comes only once in a life time. The midnight sun: we shall never forget it.

Our expectations were growing higher and higher every day but as we soon found out, were destined not to be fulfilled. We saw no icebergs on the trip and little that was very exciting occurred until the low-lying bleak shores of the North Cape of Scandinavia came into view on the horizon. We passed through the Arctic ocean and went on towards the Dwina River that leads to the city of Archangel in northern Russia. A day and a night were consumed in the trip before we again sighted the snow capped mountain ranges and turned into the mouth of the river. The channel was narrow and soon after we entered the river mouth we were boarded by a majestic pilot who wore the proverbial Russian beard. We learned not long after that this beard seems to be essential to almost any successful enterprise in that country, where every adjunct must be employed to scare off the winter king in his mercenary efforts.

We were very pleasantly disappointed when we landed at Archangel for instead of finding a deserted dirty city as we had imagined, we were surprised with the beauty of architecture and the cleanliness of the buildings and streets. I shall leave further description of this city until I begin to tell of the return trip when I was obliged to spend several weeks there. A parade had been planned for the troops, with which I journeyed for the next day after we landed but a torrential rainstorm prevented it, and perhaps it was just as well for we were in so much the better condition for the hard train trip which was ahead of us. We were piled into the train, our Pullman accommodations being in the box cars and in fact most anything with wheels that would fit the broad gauge of the Russian railroads. Of course we were pretty well closed in and were in somewhat of a quandary most of the time as to what was transpiring but one conviction settled itself pretty firmly in our minds and that was that in Russia they tow most of their conveyances with steam rollers instead of the customary locomotives. However, it was not so bad, as might have been, for there were plenty of knot-holes and battered places in the sides of the cars which served very well as windows. In general after we left the city the population

was almost nil and nothing could be seen for miles but the swampy, dreary countryside, which almost unconsciously spoke to us quite as agreeably and as familiarly as the peasants who later jabbered in their harsh Russian dialects. Six hours jolting and some English hard-tack brought us to a point where some bursting Bolshevik shells announced that we were recognized and to be quite well received by our antagonists. We had not had the advantage that men usually have when they go to fight in France. Our entree into the life of warfare was rather abrupt, with none of the gradulations that usually precede one's arrival on such a scene. Needless to say, these shells expedited matters considerably for everybody rushed with frantic speed to get things under cover before our friends could land a souvenir in our midst. They had the range on us and so as soon as we came to a somewhat tattered Bolshevik camp, which had previously been captured by the French troops fighting there, we disembarked and got into the log huts covered with sandbags which seemed to be standing promiscuously over the landscape. After things were arranged we began to survey the situation, particularly inspecting the shellfire which caused a continuous scream overhead and soon found that, unless some of those wild-eyed people made a mistake in their aim, we were quite safe.

Our kitchens were soon set up and some fine meals prepared. This was a comfort indeed after the rough food we had while travelling. A meeting of the non-coms was called and there, one of the Lieutenants explained the situation to us. He told of what glorious work the French troops were doing in clearing the way for us and of what merciless opponents they had to deal with. In explaining the method of fighting we were instructed that none should be taken prisoners and none should allow themselves to be captured; as in the first case, the treachery of the Bolshevik made him a dangerous prisoner and in the second place, as a captor his only thought was torture. It was much better, he explained that we should take our own lives than that we should allow ourselves to be taken prisoners. Of course this was very cheering to hear so far from home. It made most of us think of the homes back in the distant States where our loved ones were comfortable and thinking so much of us in their anxiety for our safe return. It was to be simply a most degraded jungle-like affair, with not so much the object of usual warfare in view, as the killing of men until we should have subdued those fierce people. The winter was not far ahead and our clothing equipment was far from adequate for our needs. But the Lieutenant explained that soon a new and generous issue of winter clothing would be provided that would supply all our needs. Every non-com was to be supplied with a pistol searchlight and a compass for the fighting in the swamps which was only a few days ahead of us.

We were to be schooled in the work by the French troops who had been gaining their knowledge by dint of bitter experience. They had found that with the rapid advances and the last-century methods of their opponents, trench warfare was impracticable, most of the fighting being done by open formations in the forest-covered plains. Again trench war-

fare was prohibited by the nature of the ground. It was all swampy and in places the advance must necessarily be slow since it was physically impossible for a man to pass through them at any reasonable rate of speed. One minute, you would be up on a tuft of grass or perhaps only ankle deep in the water, and the next you would be in as far as your waist line. It simply meant that we must learn to be amphibious if we were to successfully compete with the Bolshevik.

We learned that psychology plays a large part in the machinations of the enemy. Much yelling and apparent fierceness are not to his liking. So most of the advances were to be made with our Allied troops shouting at the tops of their voices and firing in volleys on command. This, we learned was always too much for the enemies' nerves. All of the officers were provided with whistles by which they were to signal for these advances and the schemes were pretty well laid out.

Of course we had never been under fire before and much as we heard of the cowardice of the ugly Russians all was in a state of expectancy and mystery as to what was to happen when we really did get started. In the next chapter I shall tell you about this advance and how we fared but as I pause for further reflections I cannot help feeling very happy that now I am home again in safety. Great experiences are bought sometimes at terrible cost.

(To be continued)

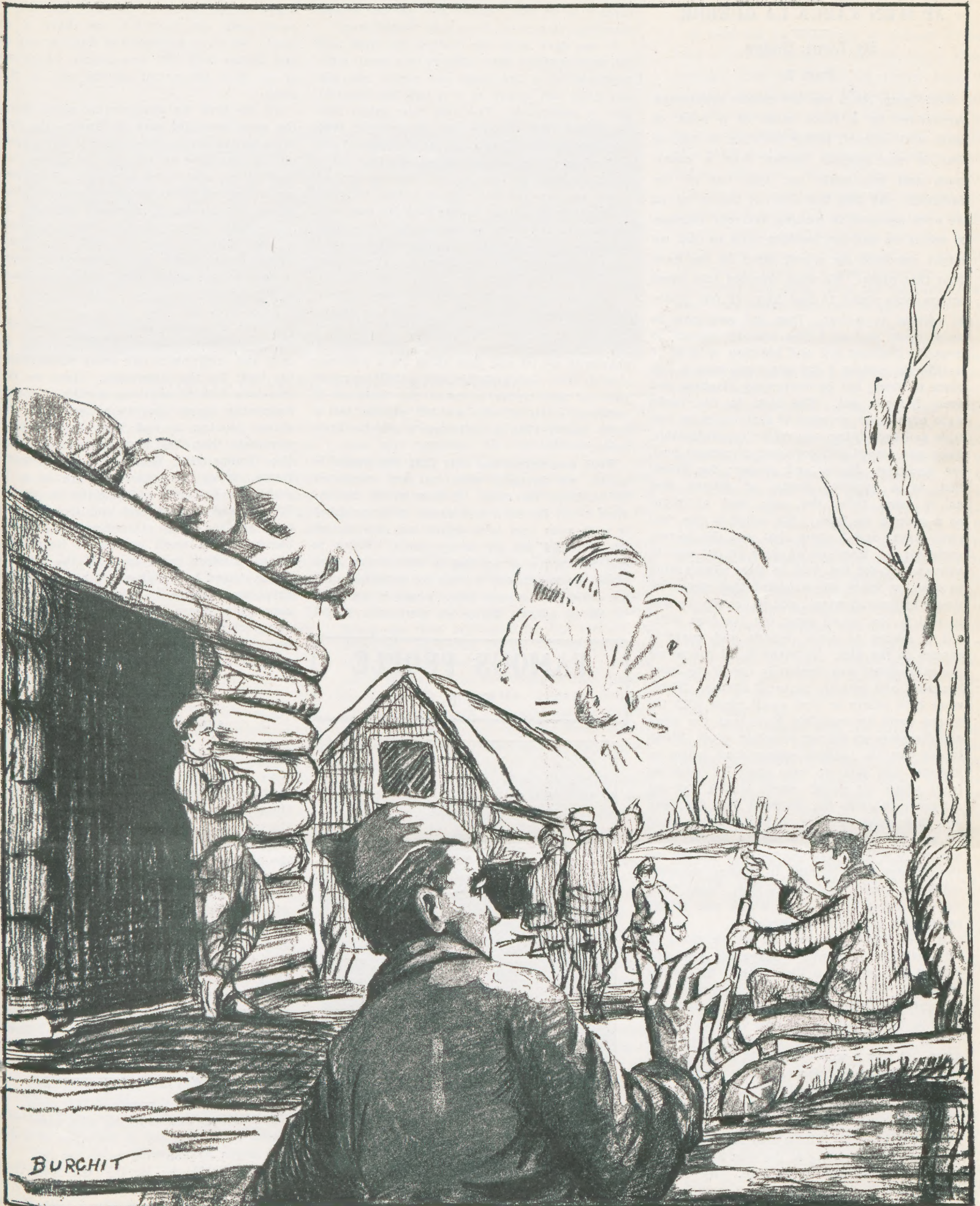
R. A'S TO BE BETTER TAKEN CARE OF.

It having been found possible to replace all reconstruction aides acting in a clerical capacity, on educational work with civilian employees of the medical department at large, instructions have been issued that the aides be released for the duties for which they were originally appointed, that of giving instruction to disabled soldiers. In addition to their reconstruction work these aides have been performing clerical or stenographic duty. It is the intention of the medical department that all persons employed as commercial reconstruction aides shall devote at least half of their time to teaching. The chief educational officers at hospitals have been directed to report the number of civilian employees of the medical department at large who are needed to replace the aides now doing only clerical work.

Commanding officers of base and general hospitals have been advised that the motor vehicles turned over to their hospitals by the Motor Transport Corps for educational work, are to be operated for instructional purposes only. Where they are so used an equivalent number will be withdrawn from hospitals to offset the number used for educational work.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hull, of East Providence, are frequent visitors with their son, Thomas, who was recently transferred to this hospital from the Walter Reed Hospital, at Washington, D. C. The visits of the parents seem to cheer the boy very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Binnis, of Pennsylvania, were recent visitors with their son, Cyrus, who was admitted to this hospital several days ago.



After Things Were Arranged We Began to Survey the Situation, Particularly Inspecting the Shellfire Which Caused a Continuous Scream Overhead.

JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE

By Lieut. Dodge

Part 3

Rest Camp, No. 1 was 200 meters square and surrounded by a fence made of a bank of earth with a small bridge growing on top, so that it was slightly higher than a man's head, and one could not look out of the enclosure. At first this did not bother us, as we were occupied in looking over our luggage, to see if we had our bedding rolls so that we might get fixed for a soft sleep on the hard floor that night. We were crowded into small square huts about 14 feet long, 12 feet wide: 14 officers to a hut. That did not give us much room and as I was unlucky enough to have my bedding roll and blankets shipped to a different station I did not have even a soft place to sleep, but by borrowing blankets and coats I made out. The men in the ranks were even more crowded if that could be possible and everything was rather uncomfortable. Mess was served and consisted of canned beef, for breakfast, dinner and supper; for breakfast as a creamed hash; at dinner just as it came from the can; and at night as a ground up hash. We called it the "old gray mare" and I guess that was the correct name for it. However we were on our way to war and we did not wish to start complaining so soon, as every one expected that tomorrow would bring still worse, and it did for we had to rest in that small camp for five days without a chance to walk outside and never a change in the diet. To make it all the worse the camp itself was located in one of the most beautiful and historic parts of France. There were 1700 others in that small place with us, so one could not complain more than the other and therefore we did not complain at all. Finally one day, the Colonel commanding, called us together and said we were about to move up front where we would smell powder and get a chance to drive the Germans into Germany and that night we were all happy and worked to get our things in order to travel at a moment's notice. The hours went by but on the 5th day after landing in France, we were called to march out of the Rest Camp back the five miles to the train which was at the same dock at which we landed.

It was about 5 p. m. and as we stood in line waiting, there was a heavy fog and mist started to come down like smoke. The order to march was given and we disappeared out the gate into the fog and left not a trace behind us but we all gave a sigh of thanks to be out of that place and to be on our way once more. It was a wonderful sight to see a long column of troops stretched out in front of us and back of us marching like some great brown serpent crawling over the country. Then the clouds lifted up to perhaps 50 feet and hung like a pearly white ceiling over us and all was still save the pounding of the iron heels of our heavy shoes on the solid road. We turned toward the West and then saw a most beautiful scene for the setting sun broke through the clouds like a ball of fire, lighting up the whole canopy into one golden light. I thought that it was certainly the most wonderful re-

ception to us and I could then see our troops marching victorious, down that "sunlit way."

It was dark when we reached the train and we were crowded eight officers to a small compartment of a 2nd class car which was old and dirty and looked as if it had been used at least a generation. The men were taken into small box cars, 40 to a car, so crowded that they could not all lie down at the same time without using someone else as a pillow. We certainly were not having all the comforts of home and we had little sleep unless we took it standing or sitting propped up by our companions to the right or left of us. The next morning there was no way of washing and no conveniences of sanitation and there were many moments when we thought of all the luxury and comforts we left back home. There is one thing however that the French trains do and that is stop every little while and now I know why, for it gives the passengers a chance to get off and gaze about for a moment, stretch their legs and then get a little exercise running and trying to catch the train as it suddenly starts off with a shrill whistle, just a little louder than a policeman's whistle back home.

Food was scarce and only that was available which we brought with us and consisted of hardtack and jam. It was nearly impossible to eat the hard tack except after crushing it with your iron heel, which was the second use I found for my heavy boots. Water is bad in France so we had to save every drop which we had in our canteen for drinking until we could get to some place where it was safe to fill up again. Twice we were able to get

coffee served to us on the way and then we could soak our hardtack and have a good meal. No water necessitated washing our cups and dishes with dry newspapers which some of us were thoughtful enough not to throw away.

All the time we were moving along through the most beautiful part of France—the fertile fields spread out on either side for miles marked off in squares by hedges or stone walls, planted or constructed ages ago. Occasionally we would see herds of cattle, quietly grazing along the banks of a small stream, with "Lombardi" poplar in the distance, making a very beautiful pastoral scene the likes of which Emile Corot has portrayed on canvas so that all the world might enjoy the beauties of France.

Four days and four nights passed in such a weary procession and then the stop where we disentrained and marched through mud, deep and sticky, to a new camp which was being built for the Americans. Here we rested two days without anything worthy of comment happening, except that we noticed many Aeroplanes passing to and from the front. We were told that they were messengers between the Commanding General of the American forces, whose headquarters were at a town which we had left a few miles in the rear. We all had a good rest and two days later were anxious to get started up the line, as we could not yet smell powder or hear the big guns. Rumors came to us of the big things being stirred to a higher and higher pitch and drive some where up front in which we were expected to figure. Our spirits were constantly being stirred to a higher and higher pitch and we wished to get into the great human grist mill as soon as possible.

(To be continued)

FAMOUS PEOPLE

No. 6.



WAMBA.

ABOUT THE MOVIES

Last Monday evening the boys of this post were treated to a very interesting picture in seven reels which comes from the Surgeon General as part of his propaganda against the evils of the great social diseases. The title of the picture was "The End of the Road," and the plot was very well constructed. The lesson of this picture, if we may venture to suggest, found its greatest force in the minds of those who were willing to learn it. It was clean and elevating; infinitely above the usual morality play.

The films were shown under the direction of First Lieut. Baisley, S. C., who travels around to all the camps in the interest of this work. We await with great interest the arrival of the other plays on the subject which he has promised us.

OUTWITTING THE DOCTOR

A Jew who was suffering with some sort of illness called one day at the office of a doctor and began by inquiring as to the fee.

"Well," said the M. D., "the first visit is \$5.00, and every visit after that is \$2.00."

The Jew then left and came back the next day. When he was ushered into the office by the nurse he said, "Well, Doctor. Here I am again!"



PATIENTS PLAYING BALL—SMITH FIELD.

(Cont. from Page 3)

Our supper, as may be expected, was very frugal, consisting of rice stew, (with potatoes) and bread, washed down with a bottle of delicious Moselle wine. How the Germans neglected to take the wine along with them is more than I can see, unless they thought that there was a lot more just as good in Germany.

That evening, we called at the home of our mentor, the town interpreter. We received a cordial welcome and had many questions to ask and many to answer. The only news in Homecourt had been, up to this time, received through German sources, of course, so that everything about America's part in the war was of great interest. On the other hand, the way the inhabitants had fared at the hands of the Germans was the chief subject of our inquiries. So far as we could learn there had been very little suffering, except possibly, that resulting from the necessarily limited ration. The town had been occupied almost peacefully at the outbreak of the war and had remained throughout well behind the lines. There had been comparatively little bombing by the Allied aviators. In the town were iron foundries and, nearby, coal mines. These had been operated by the Germans and the necessary labor had been requisitioned from the boys and men living there. The labor was paid for at a rather low rate and in German money. Such materials as had been taken from the individuals had been paid for in due bills, or promises to pay. We heard nothing of vandalism or atrocities. Schools had been kept running under German teachers and the children of the town had been forced to attend. "Just think," said our host, "those miserable big soldiers came to the houses to force the children to go to school."

What respect the truant officers would command from the unruly youngsters in this country if the former wore a uniform and carried a rifle. The French Mayor had retained his office but was naturally under the orders of the German Commandant. In short this might have been a German village. Streets had been renamed in German and German signs were everywhere in the streets, "Verboten" figuring in most of them.

The variety and amount of the food had been much reduced but practically no sickness had resulted. The inhabitants, in fact, appeared very well nourished. Sugar and butter had been especially scarce. Our host had, perhaps, fared better than some, since in his official capacity, he was in touch with the German authorities.

One thing that struck me especially, in his visit, was the domestic life of which we caught a glimpse. There were several children in the family, all pictures of neatness. They sat demurely about the room, hands folded. When one was addressed by the visitors, he stood up, answered briefly (never forgetting to add "Monsieur") and sat down. It was really refreshing to find children that differed so pleasantly from the average romping American child and confirmed me in the idea that I had always had, that the Frenchman is a born gentleman, whereas—but why appear unfair to other nationalities?

As we were tired after our day's experiences, we retired early and after a good sleep and a slight breakfast (bread and black coffee) set out to find ways and means of reaching familiar ground. We heard that there were American troops at Couflans, about ten miles southwest and decided on that as our first destination. But how to get there? There was a railroad line and a few locomotives were in use. After putting our case up to the Mayor, he kindly agreed to let us have the use of one of these locomotives to take us to Couflans. Accordingly, we climbed into the cab of the tiny German engine. The coal was running low and we had to stop once or twice to gain steam enough to proceed, but we felt at any rate that we were homeward bound.

(To be continued.)

HER PART

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.)

Two negro women were discussing the war. "Well, honey," said Aunt Caroline, "I done give two sons to this here war."

"Lord, chile! That ain't nothin'," replied Matilda. "I got three husbands over there now, and if this last one I got don't do better I'm gwine send him over soon."

PLAY BALL

It may not be necessary to remark to the boys of this detachment that the spirit about baseball thus far shown on every hand is mightily disappointing. The fact is that you and the rest of the fellows are not getting into it with enough snap to make the promise of a team that could defeat an ordinary young ladies' seminary. What is the matter, boys? If there is something wrong with you and your condition here in this post come and tell the readers of the Reclaimer about it so that it can get a good airing and be remedied. It's only the poorest kind of a poor boob that sits in his corner and sulks when the fine days come and every young man that is alive ought to be out on the baseball field working out his spring fever. If you are just too lazy, you are a crab and if you are not convinced of this come around and let us have a personal conference on the subject.

We are challenged to play the team of the Medfield State Hospital on April 19th, and last week there was not enough men on the diamond all the week out of all the material we have to get one good team together. If we are going to play these people and others we must get together and have some practice right away. Colonel Smith has very kindly consented to let us have the big truck for the trip over to Medfield on that day and says that we can take three and one-half tons of fellows along. Now, this will mean a fine trip and a good time for all who go. There will be the first team and supplies, and the rest of the load will be made up from those who have been out for baseball and have evinced some degree of interest in the team by their effort to help it along. In the meantime, boys, for the love of Mike, snap it up.

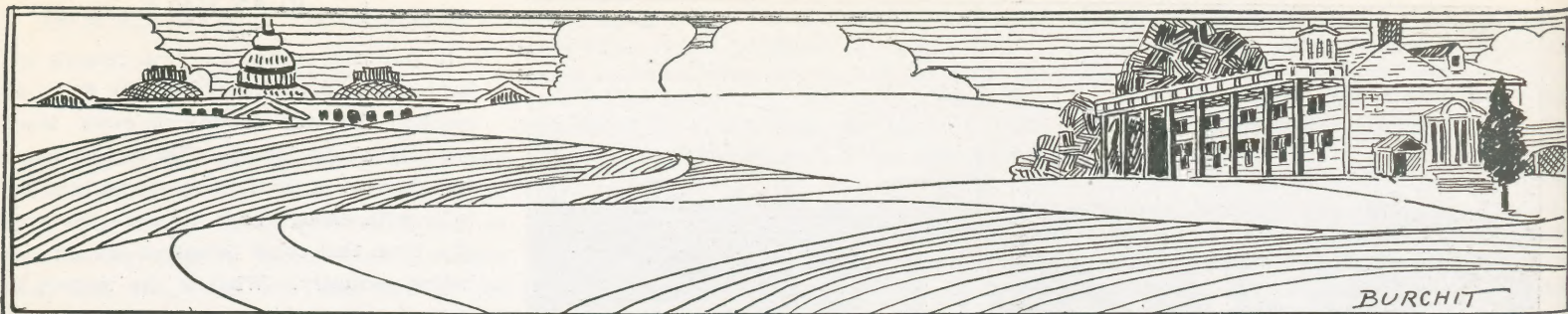
We were pleased with the initial appearance of Dick Douty and his work in the infield. Every day seems to bring forth new material, but sore arms and "Charley horse" and what-not interferes with the work. But this is simply staleness working out and baseball is the best way to get rid of it that we have heard of as yet.

Put some spirit into your work, boys, get through early, then come out for baseball and enjoy yourself.

WHY NOT DANCE, BOYS

Last Tuesday the Soldier girls came down from Attleboro and gave a splendid dance at the Oval—at least as far as they were concerned. They brought a nice orchestra with them that furnished as good dance music as we have had for some time and we'll say they were nice girls, too. They had ice cream and cake enough to feed many more than were there. It is to the shame of the boys at U. S. G. H. No. 34 that there were not more men to be found at the dance. During the whole evening there were many girls there for whom there were no partners. Now, boys, the next time some of these girls come to give you a good time, see that you get out and make it interesting for them, or they would be justified in never coming again.

Thank you, Attleboroites.



EDITORIAL.

A century ago, the scientists were loud in their acclamations of a newly discovered law—the law of the “Survival of the Fittest.” It seems curious, on reflection, that this announcement should have come at as late a date as it did, since the predatory and selfish tendencies in nature have been clearly defined ever since man has been a thinking animal.

It is difficult to conceive just what human benefit the scientific world expected to derive from this law as far as laymen were concerned. The world at large would seem to have been requested to lay aside all that experience had taught it about living in exchange for the law of the jungle. The chief result of the announcement was that those people who wished to practice an aboriginal type of self-aggrandizing selfishness were provided with an excuse for doing so. The law of the jungle as applied to human society has always wrought disaster and suffering for the many weaker ones but the great genius of the Christian religion, in so far as it is pure, combats it in such a way that there may be a day ahead when it can effect a change in people for the better.

Selfishness is pure smallness of soul. And every man has it to some degree. It means that we do not see ourselves in our true relation to others. Man, socially or individually, cannot live alone—to attempt it would be sheer madness and death. Yet that so-called law of the “Survival of the Fittest” urges us in that direction, for it bids us all to live for self alone. The best interests of men and nations are unalterably bound together; the fall of one means the fall of all. Thus it follows that all altruistic effort on any one person’s part is in a measure enlightened self interest. Every act of kindness that we do for another has its inevitable reaction on ourselves, if only to the extent that we have made the world this much better a place to live in. Unselfishness in ourselves is always contagious and makes mighty agreeable companions.

Yet with all the selfishness in the world, there is a softer and more kindly side to human life. Its paradox is profound. There are none so mean that they cannot feel the common bond of suffering and joy, success and failure through which all must go and often even the petty thief will stop to share his winnings with the hungry dog that looks wistfully at him. The murderer is sometimes a saviour and the coward often brave. This last bond that connects us with one another today is the same bond that, in its immortality, had connected the fathers of the race with their children’s children. It means the oneness of mankind the world over. From the courts of shame to the holy temple of a mother’s love is a far cry but in either, a generous deed or a helpful word must always receive its due measure of respect in the hearts of all that are human.

Selfishness is more than ethically wrong: it is unsafe. Those whose riches, such as they are, are the products of his own selfish efforts must die some day and leave his goods to rust with his ashes. He has nothing more. When, then, shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

If you are selfish, quit being so. Broaden out and let some real sunshine into your lief. Then you will begin to grow.

THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34 by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

HOSPITAL STAFF

Commanding Officer Lt.-Col. William H. Smith, M.C.U.S.A.
Post Adjutant Capt. Robert E. Baldwin, M.C.U.S.A.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Lt. R. B. Blakney Editor-in-Chief
Sgt. Howard Burchit Art Editor
Sgt. Ralph Giles Circulation Mgr.
Pvt. Rowland R. Lehman Business Mgr.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

\$2.00 per year, 5c per copy.

All remittances should be addressed to the Business Manager of the Reclaimer, U.S.A. General Hospital No. 34, East Norfolk, Mass.

"THE MRS. O'FLAHERTY SERIES." NO. 1

MRS. O'FLAHERTY ON AVOIDANCE OF WASTE

By Anita Day Downing

Mrs. O'Flaherty raised her head from underneath the counter, where she had been mysteriously tinkering with a recalcitrant water faucet.

"The top of the morning to you, Mrs. Hogan," said she.

"The rest of the day to yourself," returned Mrs. Hogan, "And why are you prodding about under the counter?"

"I'm chasing a leak," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, returning to her task without apology. "It's a new washer this faucet needs, I'm thinking," her voice came muffled, "It's only dribbling about a drop an hour now, but it'll soon be dampening the floor. What with standing around here all day, it's careful I have to be. Wet feet is one way to rheumatism."

"Put a saucer under it an' let it be," advised Mrs. Hogan. "Maybe it'll stop of itself."

"Don't fool yourself, Mrs. Hogan," said Mrs. O'Flaherty now erect, but more than rosy of countenance, emphasizing her remarks with a small wrench. "The best way to stop a leak is to find what's making it, and then get after it with main strength and awkwardness, and maybe a monkeywrench. A leak in a faucet is like a leak in the pocket book. It gets bigger all the time, and if you don't stop it, the first thing you know there's mischief to pay, and rheumatism in your savings account."

"You're always talking in parables, Mrs. O'Flaherty," objected Mrs. Hogan.

"Most people must have common sense handed to them in jelly," defended Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Everybody knows it's wrong to waste anything, even the water out of a faucet, or peeling the potatoes too thick, and such like. But if it means getting busy and changing their habits, or getting along without some pet exaravagance, they're always ready to put it off for a day or so."

"'Tis so," said Mrs. Hogan. "I'd never spend a dollar for foolishness but a nickel or a dime or a quarter seems too little to bother with, and easier spent than not."

"Now I have you," said Mrs. O'Flaherty triumphantly. "I'll stop a lot of your leaks

right now. Do you ever think, 'What's the use of saving the rest of that steak, I may as well chuck it out or 'Jennie's dress would do well with another cleaning, but it's a bit out of date' or you're tempted to buy something to wear that'll fight with everything you've got already?"

"And hasn't everybody?" asked Mrs. Hogan.

"Of course," said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "But this is my plan. Whenever you feel a leak coming over your purse, don't just not spend the money. You'll never realize how much you're getting if that's all you do, and maybe it'll slip out some other way, or you'll think it's no use. The minute you haven't wasted a quarter, put it into a Thrift Stamp. If it's a nickel you haven't wasted, keep it in a separate place, and it'll soon have company. When you've stopped enough little leaks with Thrift Stamps, get a War Savings Stamp."

"I'm telling you that you'll soon be astonished at the amount of money that was leaking at unexpected places."

"It sounds good," agreed Mrs. Hogan. "I'm going to try it. And," she paused at the door with a careful wink at Mrs. O'Flaherty "I'm going to send Mike Hogan in for something this evening. He could paste himself all over in no time with Thrift Stamps."

"Send him along," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, laying the wrench on the shelf back of her, "but don't forget that while it's true War Savings Stamps are the best washers in the world for leaks in the income, it takes will power like a monkey wrench to get them working right."

TAKING THE "SPEND" OUT OF SPENDTHRIFT

Who are the thriftiest Americans?

The two million soldiers in the American Expeditionary Force, according to E. A. Hungerford who was sent abroad by the Y. M. C. A. to help them save their money.

The French poilu got a nickel a day in his army, but helped raise over twenty billion dollars subscribed to French war bonds out of his jitney-a-day income.

The British Tommy got twenty-five cents a day, and purchased thousands of pounds worth of War Savings Stamps and war bonds therewith—his four years in the trenches on two bits a day was a splendid thrift training in itself.

The American soldier, with his dollar a day and more, needed help to think straight about his money matters—he had so much more margin for thinking loosely! Unfamiliarity with British shillings and French francs made his money slip away.

Facilities were provided for sending soldiers' money free of charge to the United States, to help the folks back home make ends meet, pay bills, keep up life insurance, bond payments, investments and the like. No sooner was this service established than money began flowing home, at first in small rivulets, and then in mighty rivers carrying millions of dollars. One man and a stenographer handled remittances in Paris first. Then twenty and thirty were needed. Money was forwarded from New York by check, and a machine for signing 4,000 checks an hour had to be used.

THINKING STRAIGHT WITH MONEY.

One day a doughboy wandered into a hut on the Western front and read the sign "Send Some Money home, We Do It For You Without Charge."

"That's fine," he commented, "but how the 'ell's a man in the army going to get any money to send home?"

"Crabbing again about not having any money?" broke in an artillery man. "I have insurance, bonds and a fifteen dollar allotment to the folks back home. Then I take out thirty francs a month, a franc a day to spend for toilet articles, sweets and tobacco, and I deposit the balance with the quartermaster who gives me interest on it. And I have all I need of everything and always have money in my pockets."

"You're a wonder," sarcastically retorted the first, and he slammed the door.

That same evening he returned with a bashful look.

"Say," he blurted out, "I've got about a hundred francs I don't need right now. Can you send it home for me?"

"Certainly!"

The artilleryman was thinking straight about his money affairs. He was not a miser by any means. While he spent a small amount on little things that go to make life in the army more enjoyable, he was insuring the economic independence of his future civilian life. He will not be like many soldiers who at the close of the Spanish-American War found themselves unable to buy even a suit of civilian clothes or support themselves until work could be found. He is typical of thousands of men in the A. E. F. today.

Another who often came to the hut had saved enough since joining the army to buy a good motorcycle. Every time he got a leave he spent it touring the country on this machine, studying the history of the places he visited, adding to a wholesome recreation a valuable education which comes with travel and study.

The American soldier demonstrated that he is not a spend-thrift—far from it. He packed the thrift habit in his old kit bag and now that he is coming back he will find that it paid, for it has prepared him to live in civil life. He will find his government ready to help him save, through its offer of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps as a safe investment for even the smallest saving.



IN THE INFIRMARY—PVT. CHRISTIAN VAN LENNEP IN ROOM 5.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Pvt. Alvin Mentzel of the Oval has just returned to the fold after a ten day furlough. Mentzel says you wouldn't know the old place (referring to Milwaukee.)

Misses Bryde and May Stanton and Dr. William R. Martin were visitors at the hospital some days ago.

Pvt. William J. Monahan was recently discharged from this post.

Pvt. Henry Kappler (alias "Slim") has been discharged, and will take up his former duties in New York City.

Ellis Parker Butler says that "Pigs is Pigs." Pvt. Howard Burdette agrees with him in every particular. During the process of cremating a guinea pig in the laboratory, the other afternoon, he swears that as he was about to deposit said pig in the furnace, it kicked slightly. Burdette is worrying about possible charges of manslaughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Barry visited one of our patients, Jos. Colbert, last week.

Mrs. Rose Doremos of Asbury Park, N. J., visited her son, Jesse Doremos, recently.

Pvt. Gustave Zeisner has returned from a ten day furlough. Zeisner visited relatives in Lena, Wisconsin.

Rowland R. Fat Lehman of Reclaimer fame is back in the office once more. We breathe a sigh of relief for we sure did miss "our Fat". As to just what happened down in Newberry, Pa., we are not quite sure, but one thing is very evident there is a great change in Fat. We are wondering just how much time he spent under the parental roof. But then we don't need to wonder—we KNOW. Woman moves in a mysterious way, her wonders to perform.

Pvt. Cleatus Starr has been transferred to Camp Jackson, pending a discharge.

Sgt. Homer Bunker (beg pardon, Sergeant Major) wishes to extend his gratitude to the Reclaimer for not mentioning him in this week's issue.

The following men have been granted furloughs in the past few days

Sgt. 1/c1 Wm. Long.
Pvt. Morris Crenshaw.
Pvt. Cornelius Dickson.
Pvt. Wilbur Smith.
Pvt. R. J. Murphy.

Pvt. 1/c1 Max Logeman has returned from a fifteen day furlough at Rochester, N. Y.

Yes, it reads just like a novel. How with untiring effort, and with fixed determination, his heart set upon one goal—he finally "arrived". The Reclaimer staff takes this opportunity to announce the promotion of Pvt. 1/c1 Arnold Percival Gadd to the rank of sergeant. Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise.

Corporal Max Rosenberg is also wearing three stripes. Congratulations, Max.

The following people were visitors at the hospital the past week: Katherine Foley and Alice F. Foley of Winchester, Mass., Helen R. Fox, Mrs. Margaret Fox, Mrs. Rose Lundgren, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Friel of Boston, Mass., Mrs. F. J. Doran and Mrs. M. Ryder of Boston, Helen Gardner of Chicago, Ella Granger, Bessie Granger, Jemi H. Granger and Lewis H. Granger of E. Lynn, Mass., Geo. Eritrosa of Jersey City, N. J.

After having been addressed as Corporal by one of the visitors, Stanton very emphatically assured the erring one that Corporal Stanton died last Sunday. True enough, pardon our seeming forgetfulness—the Corporal is now a Sergeant. Truly is this an age of rapid changes.

CHEERFUL LETTER FROM "OVER THERE"

One of the most cheerful letters ever received by the War Department from our soldiers overseas is from Joseph Wohl, Sanitary Squad, No. 12, brother of M. J. Wohl, an attorney of New York City.

Wohl enlisted in the Medical Corps in August, 1917, went over with the 77th Division in March 1918, and was under fire at Chateau Thierry and Soissons. Writing from Seignelay, a little village in France, Wohl assures American mothers that the women of France are doing all they can to make the stay of the American boys in their midst as homelike as possible. "France now more than ever feels that she owes the Americans a great debt," he says. "In the little villages, the inhabitants are trying in their simple way to repay it. They have opened their hearts and their homes to us." He sends with his letter a photograph of a type of French mother who is "keeping aglow in our hearts the memories of home, sweet home." "And this particular mother needs special mention," he says:

"Living in a little village called Seignelay in the department of Yonne every soldier who has stopped here has enjoyed her hospitality. There is always a cheery smile and a hot cup of coffee for the man in khaki at the home of Madame Laproste. Her children are the pets of all the soldier hereabouts. There are thousands more just like her in France to whom our women at home are so greatly indebted. I know that long after this war is over our thoughts will often travel to a quaint little village with its narrow winding streets and a little white-washed house with fond recollections of the happy days we spent there."

* * * *

Pvt. John Wanamaker Mayo, our canteen man, has been confined to his bed in the infirmary, the past few days. Nothing serious, however.

We are watching the construction of our Red Cross hut with interest.

The following patients have been granted furloughs:

Pvt. Fred Rosengrant
Pvt. Louis Weisberg
Pvt. Morris Flatto
Pvt. Victor Selig
Pvt. Ralph Grimley.

Corp. Walter Geercke has been transferred to a post in California, from which place he expects to be discharged. The Corporal lost no time in clearing this port, so we are told.

We have had only two casualties on the base ball field so far. "Bud" Uhl is suffering from a split finger and "Corporal Major" Tate has a broken digit.

Why is it that Pvt. 1/c1 Reuther insists that we have "sob" music on the piano at "D" barracks? Someone is always taking the joy out of life.

WHAT ARE THEY GOIN' TO DO WITHOUT IT?

Music and Lyric by "Burch"

To Be Sung Tenderly—With Much Expression



WHAT WILL THEY DO IN THE MOVIES?

With the incoming tide of Prohibition, the scenario writer needs must abolish his old standby—the western bar-room. No longer may the typical "bad man" get "lickered up" and bully the young tenderfoot from Kokomo, Ind., who turns out to be a secret service man from Washington. This hero stuff is usually pulled by either "Doug" Fairbanks or "Bill" Hart. The young school teacher—female, of course—spills the beans. As a "hang out" for cow punchers, the modern soda shop appears a trifle incongruous, as it would be difficult to imbibe enough milk shake to make a hair raising scene.

VIOLENT DEATH CAUSED BY A "SHOT IN THE ARM"



SPEAKING OF HAIR RAISING

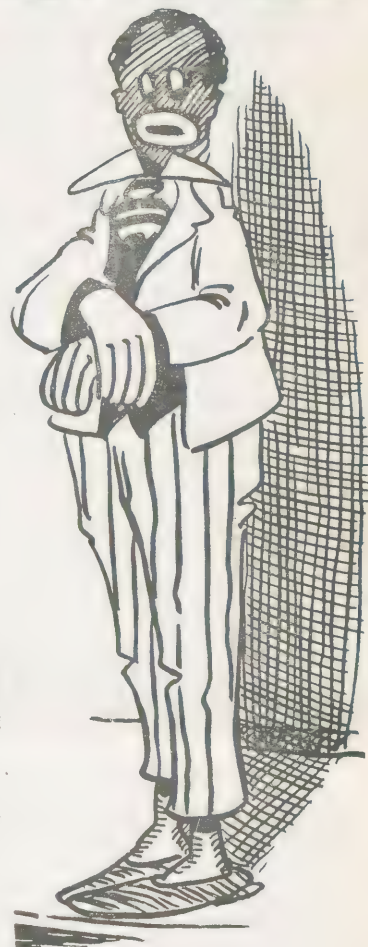
Our tonsorial parlors may become more popular than ever. Herr Barber may be obliged to provide a safe with time locks, to store his precious supply of Herpicide and other scalp polish—his alcoholic patrons must not be tempted. The insert below is entitled "the end of a perfect day"—to be sung in barber shop chords. Incidentally, we wonder why cartoonists always draw barbers with bald heads, it doesn't argue very heavy for the trade.

Ere the fitting of many moons, our dear old friend, John, will be laid to rest. His, was a game fight, but the stern hand of an all wise government has been laid upon him—none too gently. Verily is this a decade of abdication—Kings and Potentates have bitten the dust in rapid succession, and King Alcohol is no exception. Long will we remember the day, when we shall stand by the beer side (pardon us, we meant B-I-E-R) and bestow our meager token of affection upon it—and with the dull thud of clod upon lid—turn away while sobs of anguish, rack our entire being. As with weak, husky voices we order up—Coco Cola, a mighty shout goes up—"the Kink is dead, long live the Kink!"



A WAIL FROM THE BARDS

This temperance landslide has already laid its clammy fingers upon our songsters. "We won't come home until morning," the "Stein song" and other bar-room ballads will gradually disappear. Many of our stage comics have felt the trend of the times, and we may expect a deluge of lyrics, written to soothe the tortured one. On the right, Mr. Bert Williams is rendering a pretty little thing entitled "You Can't Have the Key to My Cellar,"—proving that self preservation is the first law of nature. Note the woe begone looks on the kegs in the front row.





Her Thought—You can't always tell. She was gazing far off into space, with the light of a soul exalted shining in her limpid eyes. Finally he broke the sacred silence with a question.

"Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking about?"

The light in her eyes grew brighter and more tender as she replied:

"Noodle soup. I haven't had any for ages."

Recognized—An American soldier boasts that during the war he corresponded with 535 women. All the hotel proprietors know this fellow as the cootie who keeps the guests waiting while he is glued to the writing desk.

Political Prudence—"Captain Tuffle has asked the office force to drop his military title when addressing him."

"Why is that?"

"It saves embarrassment all around. The boss of this establishment was a buck private in Captain Tuffle's company."

THE EASIEST WAY

An American soldier brought in a German prisoner recently and found the fellow had a pocketful of French money. The American looked at the money, thought of the fine restaurants in Paris and then, tapping the German on the shoulder, said:

"Kamerad, kans du craps schutzen?"

OH, PICKLES!

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;

She went to a tea

And ate twenty-three,

Which pickled her internal workins.

—Froth.

ADVICE

Burchit has a cute moustache,
That hides the microbes well,
But beware of osculation, Burch,
For the little devils might tell.

—An Outsider."

OUT OF LUCK

Afraid to breathe, almost, the returned reveler crept quietly into his bedchamber as the gray dawn was breaking. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he cautiously undid his boots. But with all his care, his wife stirred in bed, and he presently was all too well aware of a pair of sleepy eyes regarding him over the edge of the sheet.

"Why, Tom," yawned the little woman, "how early you are this morning!"

"Yes, my dear," replied Tom, stifling a groan, "I've got to go to Montreal for the firm today."

And replacing his footgear the wretched man dragged his aching limbs out again into the cold and heartless streets—Jack Canuck.

THE LIBRARY

In one of the hospitals not long ago a new librarian was distributing books in the wards. One patient declined to be interested in her wares. She turned to the next bed and offered a book.

"What's it about?" asked the patient.

"Oh, this is Bambi, the story of a girl who married a man without his having anything to do about it."

"Hold on there," shouted the man who had declined all books, "Give me that book; it's my autobiography."

No matter who you are or what your wants may be, there is a book for you at the library.

PLEASANT CONTRAST

"Mike!"

"Phwat?"

"I was just thinkin'. After we get out of the trenches an' back home again how nice an' peaceful that old boiler-factory will sound to us."

THEN THEY CANNED HIM

Customer—"Where will I find the candela-bra?"

New Floorman—"All canned goods are in the grocery department on the fourth floor."

BAYONETED

The other day
We met a mess sergeant,
Who told us, with
A self-satisfied smirk
On his unintelligent face,
That he had hoarded up
A \$3,000 mess fund.
As we thought
And our soul
Revolted
Of the stark procession
Of cheerless meals
Those three thousand dollars
Represented.
And publicly, now,
In the name of a thousand
Ambitious young appetites
Despoiled
To pit a smug expression
On one well-fed face—
We curse that mess sergeant,
May he stew
Eternally
In a limitless vat
Of boiling gravy,
Whose bubbles, grease laden,
Burst in his face
Unendingly.
May his bones bleach
On an arid desert
Of butterless bread
Till the sun goes down
For its farewell dip.
May he strangle
Forever
On clammy chains
Of macaroni, half baked,
Stretching infinitely
To the unimaginable depths
Of bottomless hells.
And may his small soul sizzle
In a shoreless ocean
Of blazing beans
Till the dying gasp of time.
Amen.

—From "The Bayonet."

PARLOR ATHLETES—TAKE NOTICE

In a parlor there were three—
She, a parlor lamp and he.
Two is company without a doubt,
And so the parlor lamp went out.

—Exchange.

A FACT!

Pvt. Conway (operating): Hello!
Voice on the wire: Hello, papa?
Pvt. Conway: No, not yet.

First M. D.—"Did you hear that Goldbaum is sick?"

Second M. D.—"Is he?"

First M. D.—"No, Ikey."

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

MacFarlane: "I ate a half a pie down in the kitchen last night and I had a happy dream."

Shaw: "What was that?"

Mac: "I dreamed that my mother-in-law ALMOST died."

Shaw: "Eat the other half tonight and may be you'll have better luck."

PORT OF MISSING MEN

Information is asked concerning the men whose names appear below. These men are American soldiers from whom no word has been heard in months, and whose fate remains in doubt. These inquiries come from anxious mothers, fathers, wives and sweet-hearts, and only they know the weary days and sleepless nights spent in wondering what has become of the man dear to them.

This paper depends on every soldier reader to scan these lists carefully and to report any news that might be known about any of these men. It may be a matter of little importance, or of utter indifference to you, but it needs only a moment's reflection to realize how much it means to those who are sending in these inquiries. Will the readers of this paper neglect an opportunity to be of such great service? We think not, so read these inquiries carefully and forward your information promptly.

JOHNSTON, HARLEY W., Pvt., 17th F. A. Last heard from two months ago.

Inquiry from E. P. Oliver, 1126 Market St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

KODISH, P. F. C., Co. B, Horse Section, 1st Div., Ammunition Train.

GIDEON, FRED, Pvt., Co. E, 26th Inf. Last heard from Oct. 2, 1918, at Camp Hospital No. 2, A. P. O., No. 727.

Inquiry from Miss Louise Nussbaum, 117th E. 89th St., New York City.

LOFTIS, BENJ. FRANK, Pvt., Co. G, 118th Inf., 30th Div. Last heard from two months ago in an English hospital.

Inquiry from (father), J. A. Loftis, Route 4, Pelzer, S. C., c. o. D. P. Davenport.

LUDWIG, HENRY H., Pvt., C. M. 310th Inf., 78th Div. Reported wounded in action October 19; last heard from Oct. 15.

Inquiry from Mrs. H. Ludwig, 506 11th Ave., New York City.

MORRISON, ROSS, Pvt., Co. B, 16th Inf., A. E. F. Last heard from June 20, 1918.

Inquiry from Mrs. C. Wolfe, 22 Garden St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

PULLEN, WILLARD F., Pvt., Co. H, 61st Inf. Reported wounded severely in action on Nov. 10. No word since.

Inquiry from (mother) Mrs. Edw. P. Pullen, 77 Gamewell St., Hackensack, N. J.

ROMANO, LAWRENCE F., Cpl., Co. M, 305th Inf. Reported killed in action Oct. 5, 1918.

Inquiry from F. P. Romano, Box 356, Huntington, N. Y.

SCHNARR, GEO. BENJ. H., Pvt., 13th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marine Corps. Reported wounded in battle July 21, 1918. Unofficially reported died of wounds in hospital.

Inquiry from L. K. Williamson, 284 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N. J.

SCOFIELD, FRANK E., Pvt., Co. E, 103rd Inf., 26th Div., A. E. F. Last wounded in action, July 18, 1918.

Inquiry from (mother) Mrs. Rachael Scofield, 56 Fort St., E. Norwall, Conn.

RAE, JOE, Sgt., 10th Inf. Co. 13.

Inquiry from Michael J. Rae, Fox Film Corporation, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SULLIVAN, JAMES J., Pvt., 145th Inf. Co. M., 37th Div. Last heard from Sept. 6, 1918.

Inquiry from Mrs. C. Sullivan, 921 Greenfield Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LINTEUR, ANTER SNYDER, 110th Inf., Co. F. Last seen October 1, 1918.

Inquiry from Mrs. Ella D. Linteur, 210 North Walnut St., Blairsville, Pa.

MOORHEAD, JAMES KENNEDY, 16th Inf., Co. H.

Inquiry from Mrs. J. K. Moorhead, 700 St. James St., Shadyside, Pittsburgh, Pa.

McCULLOUGH, SIDNEY WARD, 19th Eng. Heard from the last time 2 years ago.

Inquiry from Mr. H. Houser, Grant 33600, ask for 380.

BERGENDAHL, M. E., American Transport Service.

Inquiry from Mrs. H. T. Baker (sister) Phone 82-J Cannonsburg, Pa.

SIMPSON, D. F., Pvt., Co. M., 320th Infantry, A. E. F., last seen October 10, 1918.

Inquiry from his mother, Mrs. D. R. Klepfer, 11 Fourth St., Clarion, Pa.

ZAFERELLIS, MICHAEL E., Pvt., Hdqrs. Co. 11th Inf., A. E. F. No word since October 10, 1918.

Inquiry from his brother, Ignatius E. Zaferellis, East Palestine, Ohio.

BARRY, JAMES J., Cpl., Co. C, 109th Inf., A. E. F. Last heard from July 30, 1918, when he was wounded at the Battle of Courmont.

Inquiry from his sister, Miss Louise Barry, 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CREDE, CHAS. W., Mechanic, Co. E, 319th Inf., A. E. F., reported slightly wounded Oct. 6, 1918, near Natillies, France.

Inquiry from his father, William Crede, 408 Hampton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

BEEGLE, JOE, Pvt., 319th Inf., A. E. F., reported wounded four months ago.

Inquiry from George W. Vogel, Jr., 2127 Wharton St., Pittsburgh.

THORNS, HARRY T., Pvt., 1,853,261. Co. D, 145th Inf., A. E. F., reported killed in action Sept., 1918, during the big Argonne offensive.

Inquiry from his mother, Mrs. E. Thorns, 43 Bryn Mawr Ave., Crafton, Pa.

BUNCE, JAMES BRUCE, Pvt., Co. H, 305th Inf. Last heard from middle of August, 1918; reported died of wounds, Sept. 19, 1918.

Inquiry 925 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., from (Miss) Elizabeth F. Bruce.

CRAIG, WALTER, Lieut., Co. K, 59th Inf. Last heard from Sept. 22, 1918.

DODSON, WILSON B., Lieut., Co. A, 16th Inf. Reported missing in action October 9, 1918.

GRAICHEN, THEODORE, 39th Division.

Inquiry from Miss J. R. Christian, 245 E. 239th St., New York City.

HUGHES, CHARLES M., Pvt., Co. B, 316th Inf., 89th Div. Last heard from Sept. 20, 1918, on going to the front.

Inquiry from (Miss) Beatrice Hughes, 130 Third Ave., Astoria, L. I.

INCE, PATRICK JAMES, Pvt., Co. I, 346th Inf. Last heard from on Aug. 13, 1918, on leaving Camp Dix for France.

Inquiry from M. White, 217 W. 66th St., New York City.

PORT OF MISSING MEN

The daily press has become interested in the Port of Missing Men column to such an extent that similar columns are appearing in some of the leading dailies of the country. The Brooklyn, New York, Daily Eagle originated a Port of Missing Men Department last December, based on a special service bureau in Paris which cabled daily reports and whereabouts of Brooklyn men in the service. Its military service department kept a missing men index, sending daily cabled inquiries concerning men to the Paris Bureau and receiving replies. This service grew so popular that it was enlarged to the "Information wanted about Brooklyn Boys" Department in its daily issue. The Eagle has been instrumental in locating several hundred men whom local relatives had been anxious about, and counts the service given in this connection one of the most valuable that the paper was privileged to render in the war.

* * * *

Commissions in the Medical Reserve Corps are being tendered to officers of the Medical Department who are being discharged from the service upon the completion of their duties connected with the emergency. Under the law they cannot be returned to the inactive list of the Medical Reserve Corps, but must be discharged and reappointed in the Reserve in order to continue their connection with the medical department. It is planned to build up a large medical reserve corps, including all members of the profession who have served creditably during the war.

Medical officers who are being discharged are requested to apply for appointment in the reserve, as they will be contributing support to the formation of a reserve corps that will put the medical profession of the country on an organized basis in preparation for any future contingency which may arise.

The policy governing appointments in the medical section of the officers' reserve corps, of officers who have been honorably discharged from the medical corps is such as to insure that within the limitations prescribed by law any officer so appointed will receive rank at least equal to that held by him at the time of discharge.

* * * *

The Chief of Staff announces that men who desire to enlist or re-enlist in the Veterinary Corps will be enlisted for the Medical Department, and will be transferred immediately to the Veterinary Corps for assignment.

* * * *

Arrangements are being made by the Surgeon General of the Army with civilian hospitals for courses of instruction for student nurses not available in military hospitals, by means of affiliations with hospitals offering the desired experience. To be eligible for the diploma of the Army School of Nursing students must complete the courses satisfactorily in both classes of hospitals. The arrangements with the civilian hospital training schools provide that the students in the Army School of Nursing shall be given board, lodging and laundry and such allowance, if any, as is given their own students. Some schools do not provide an allowance. During the period of affiliation, the monthly allowance of \$15 from the army will be discontinued.



Armour & Co.

**Star Hams and Bacon
Sold Everywhere**



Medfield Manor

Dinner Dansants

Parties Accommodated

Medfield, Mass.

FRANK P. TONER

**Confectionery
and Ice Cream**

"The Place That is Different"

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Established 1860

E. P. RANDLETT, Pres.

Incorporated 1908

F. E. HARDING COMPANY

AGENTS BOSTON FISH PIER CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Fresh Fish

**16 BOSTON FISH PIER
BOSTON, MASS.**

Tel. Richmond 1463

Osmon C. Bailey, Pres.

Lowell Bros. & Bailey Co.

FRUIT and PRODUCE



69, 71 & 73 Clinton St.

BOSTON, MASS.



For the Candy Lover

Colgate and Company

MAKERS OF

Fine Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Accessories

These products are on sale at
The Post Exchange

FLOUR GRAIN HAY COAL

BUILDING MATERIAL

W. K. GILMORE & SONS, Inc.

Franklin, Walpole, Wrentham, Norfolk, Mass.

Everybody in the Army smokes

MANCO

PERFECTOS

10c STRAIGHT

**They have a smoothness, aroma and fragrance that are found
in no other cigar at equal price**

FOR SALE AT THE CANTEEN

**JOSEPH P. MANNING CO.
Boston, Mass.**